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THE *Lehigh* REVIEW



Photo by Rothrock

❖ SPRING ISSUE ❖

- THE CONTEST WINNER
- SAGA OF WILBUR MAC GONIGLE

Next Issue:

- FLYING IS A HOBBY

—Twenty Cents—



Actual color photograph shows James Oliver of Willow Springs, N. C., harvesting better-than-ever tobacco grown by U. S. Gov't methods. (At bottom) Roy Daniel, tobacco auctioneer, in action.

*"Uncle Sam
did a fine job*

**of making tobacco
better than ever**

... and Luckies always buy the
choice grades," says Roy Daniel,
29 years a tobacco auctioneer

Simple as ABC are the reasons why we ask:
"Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

A. Uncle Sam's improvements in soil,
seed and plant-foods helped farmers grow
the finest tobacco in 300 years.

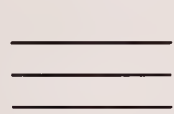
B. The overwhelming majority of independ-
ent tobacco experts—like Roy Daniel—
smoke Luckies. They *know* Luckies buy
the choice grades of the finer crops.

C. The "Toasting" process, on top of
2 to 4 years' aging, makes them extra-
mellow...takes out certain throat irritants.
The choicer grades of finer tobacco crops
...*plus* throat protection! Try Luckies for
a week, and you'll know why...

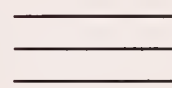
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

*Have you
tried a Lucky
lately?*





Passing in Review



● WHEN WINTER GOES

It has been a long, a cold, and a beastly winter. Our fraternity treasurer shuddered violently as he ordered coal for the third time this winter. The sparrows and the too-early birds cherish the little pieces of bread the freshmen throw out to them. The snow melts in begrudging little trickles.

But a good gob of time separates the writing of this and the flopping noise the Review makes when it lights on the fraternity or dormitory mail table. A lot can happen between this chattering cold night and spring vacation. For instance, the Brown and White reporters might leave their worn-out telephone in the journalism lab and try their shaky legs on the macadam walks of the sunlit campus. Anything can happen.

Perhaps people will stop picking on fraternity men; maybe Jim Binder will stop picking on pore ole Moravian; perhaps professors will let their Jean Valjean stare wander out of the open window and remember that once upon a time . . .

Comes the first warm day and the camel's hair coats and the reversibles will be shucked off enthusiastically. We're always a little disappointed to see that the men are wearing the same frayed jackets they wore last fall when the coats went on. It would seem that the editors of "Look" and not "Esquire" are standardizing our universities. God 'elp us.

● THE WEE LETTERS AGAIN

We were sorry to hear that we're going back to the system of the great big letter and the wee little letters for the major and minor sports. Although there are certainly other reasons much more savory, there always exists the unfortunate parallel that the great big letters are awarded for the sports that are the most profitable to the university and the wee little letters are for the sports that are not exactly self-sustaining.

It perhaps would be a good idea to reckon the value of a sport on its benefit to the individual and not on the ballyhoo it receives by all the hungry sports columnists in the country. To our untutored mind there is no reasonable justification for rating basketball, baseball, and track over: soccer, one of the most grueling of sports; cross country, perhaps the oldest of competitive sports; swimming, physically the most beneficial; and tennis, about the most graceful.

Unfortunately, the combination of oil companies and the radio has created a situation in which a sport is judged by its pulling power and not by its potential good to the students.

Without asking any longer the importance of a sport to the individual, we decide that this sport will be a major sport (earning \$500) and this sport will be a minor sport (costing \$35). Get your letter and social security card at the door.

● THE ARMCHAIR

Getting back to the Brown and White and serenity, there is an odd little column on the right hand side of the page, usually, called "The Armchair." They often say very amusing things in the plushy roominess of the armchair. Once they said the audience was not disappointed when Spaulding was finished. Another time they said one of Nelson Leonard's chief aims in life is to live a full "24-hour life of inspiration and service."

Reckon ole Armchair's got muh!

● THE ANONYMOUS MALE

Because our extra-university life usually requires us to be elsewhere Saturday nights we don't see many wrestling matches. But we did manage to squeeze in two this year—Kansas State and Princeton. The striking feature was the similarity within the two teams. Kansas State's

THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

Lehigh University

Bethlehem, Penna.

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Spring Issue

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The Lehigh Review is published by the students of Lehigh University and is entered as second class mail at the Post Office in Bethlehem, Pa.

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The names of all characters used in short stories and serials are fictitious. Any similarity or identity of these names with actual names is entirely accidental.

men all had the same ruddy color and Princeton's men all had the same profile.

Maybe in either case the wrestling team doesn't speak for the whole school. We would be frightened to think of a school where everybody walked around with a face that had the same shade of red. Imagine the eerie glow that would effuse from five Kansas State seniors walking arm in arm through the campus after dark. A stranger might be horrified to see a sort of pinkish halo bobbing up and down in the Stygian Kansas night.

Princeton is little better off with their unanimity and consequent anonymity of features. We must applaud an admissions office that is so exacting about the tilt of the eyebrow, the set of the chin, and the point of the nose. Princeton houseparties being what they are, though, we wonder what happens on a foggy Saturday night with passionate men and women of the world, the kind one **would** find at a Princeton houseparty.

At the Princeton meet we were standing next to a fellow who's been out of school for some years and was more or less out of touch with the college type, especially Princeton's. "God!" he said, in sheer admiration, "it must take years of breeding to produce something like that!"

● LEHIGH DEFINED

The problem of the Youth Menace has been throttled down in the Brown and White now. No more biting columns full of viewing with alarm as only Freddy can view. Luckily for us, the B & W found out about the Easterns in time enough to make the Tuesday edition.

The editorial page, heretofore filled up with scare headlines, is now devoted to the whimsical, if thankless task of defining Lehigh.

We called up some ten people at random to see if they had read **Lehigh Defined** in the past several weeks. Five said they guessed not. Three said we must have the wrong number. And two broke up the conversation by asking us who the hell **we** were.

Now it seems to us that the good old B & W is biting off more than it can chew in that column. Perhaps they ought to start off easy by **explaining** Lehigh, not defining it. For instance, why is it that when the business department is overflowing all over this side of South Mountain they talk about new buildings for engineering? We'd also like to know just exactly what it means when Nugy gets an A in a course and Gurkle gets a B. Or why some professors think education is reading a lecture and marking quizzes once a week or once a year.

Scene on the Campus



IN the snapshot at the upper left, the undergraduate on the lower step is wearing a dark brown shetland suit. He's carrying a camel's hair top coat. His competition is wearing a heavy tweed sport coat with contrasting dark grey trousers. On his arm is a natural colored alligator coat.

The young man who seems oblivious of the spring football practice is wearing a cashmere long sleeved v-neck sweater with flannel sport trousers.

The three figures stepping along so jauntily in the center all wear sport outfits of contrasting jackets and trousers.

All dressed up with someplace to go, the formal young man is wearing a Chesterfield overcoat, a white silk muffler, white buckskin gloves, and, of course, an opera hat.

Of the two shirts, one is thin striped with a round point collar. The other is solid blue with a buttoned down roll collar.



The girls turned down all dates with Seth
Because of his unpleasant breath.
But he has girls by dozens since
He started eating Cryst-O-Mints.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-
en and refresh your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THE ADVERTISING COPYWRITER TURNS NOVELIST

In a small sitting room, furnished cozily with a six (6) piece mahogany finished set, including one extra large and strong settee, covered with genuine Balkan leather, calfskin finish, a mother and her three daughters were arguing.

The mother was dressed in a seasonable gown of unqualified smartness with modish zipper fastenings.

The daughters were dressed in novelty negligees—lovely novelty fabric in colored cloth and trimmed with maribou.

The argument began when Myrtle, the younger sister, who was busily engaged in putting on a dainty girlish frock, ideal for Holiday wear, was accused by her eldest sister, Gertie, of wearing the mother's glove silk stockings.

HEARD ON THE FLY

"And tonight, my dear kiddies, your Uncle Bunny is going to tell you a story about Mr. & Mrs. Oscar Bite of the 400 in Flea society.

After five happy years of marital bliss, Mrs. Bite, the former beautiful June Flight, visited a road house and was talked into signing a contract to sing in the place by some bum-ble Bee.

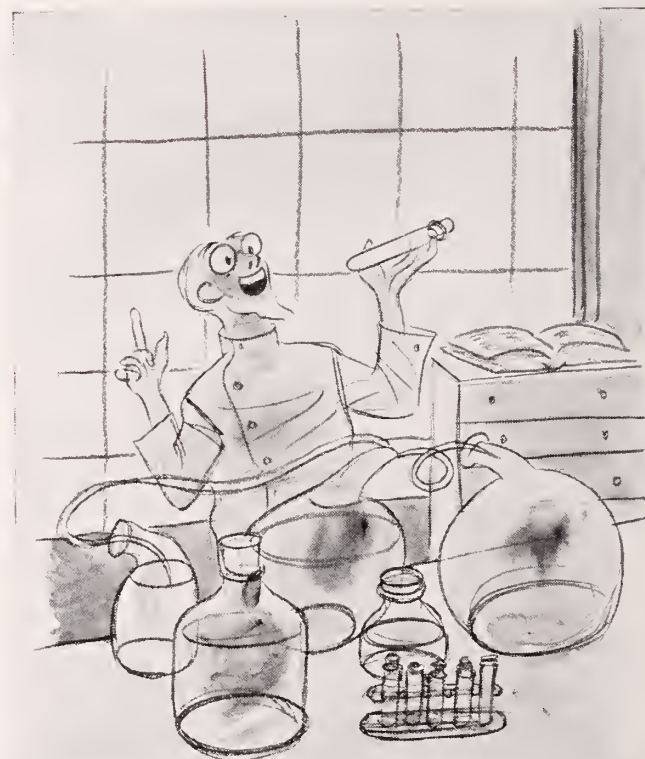
"At first, Oscar didn't mind, but when some of his so-called friends began to buzz behind his back, he had a show-down with Mrs. Bite. She refused to break her contract so Oscar left her and joined a Flea Circus—a hang-over from his childhood inhibitions.

"June went on to be a bigger success than ever, but Oscar just couldn't get the hang of circus life, and he sank lower and lower until he was assigned to the trained dogs. Here he found his niche. It didn't pay him much, but he didn't care. Every night after the show he would fly away to his favorite bar and get drunk on stingers.

"One night at the bar, he happened to pick up an old Fly Paper, and the headline caught his eye. 'June Flight, Dangerously Ill. Songstress Mistakes Flit Spray for Spot-Flight. Doctors Say She Will Never Sing Again.'

"The shock was too much for Oscar. He lost his balance and slipped into a half full beer glass. As he crawled out, he felt the sting of a swatter, and the next thing he knew he was in the hospital with a dented wing, and guess what! In the very next bed, lay his estranged wife. They were reconciled and can be seen any morning now disguised as a couple of raisins in your coffee cake.

"Good night, kiddies."



"At last—after twenty years of patient toil, invisible color!"

The Nine O'Clock Club

125 EAST 54TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

The Smart New Rendezvous

Opens nightly at 7 P.M.

(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

Serving a table D'HOTE dinner for \$1.50

REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU ORDER
OUR CHARGE IS ONLY 60¢ PER DRINK

NO COVER or MINIMUM

CONTINUOUS MUSIC

Under personal
direction of
FRED ARMOUR



BUILD A MACHINE

*Winner of the Review
Short Story Contest*

Herbert L. King '40
Kappa Sigma

ON a Saturday afternoon at the end of the examination period in his senior year, John T. McHolt Jr. was sitting at the third floor window of the Beta Delta house thinking over his college career all but finished. For four years he had worked hard at his engineering courses. The years had not lessened his dislike of the subjects he studied. He had built up a feeling of waiting for the day when he would graduate and be free of mathematics, chemistry, and the rest.

It was beginning to rain and Ted thought of his career at the University. It had started on just such a rainy day in September. He remembered clearly sitting beside his father, and their conversation:

"That's the Beta Delta house there on the hill, son; nice view from there; damn good group of men. I'll see to it that you meet the president of the house."

"I think I can manage all right alone, dad."

"Yes, yes, but that little donation I gave last year will be much better remembered if I appear in person."

Ted had not answered this remark. He wondered how he was going to like this life that his father had so carefully planned. He had wanted to study music, but his father had a place picked for him in the McHolt Steel Corporation.

The long Packard had drawn up before the house and had been seen by two well dressed young men standing on the porch.

"That looks like McHolt coming; must be bringing J. Jr. up to see that he gets off on the right foot."

"Yea, looks like we have one pledge at any rate; God bless his unknowing soul."

And thus began the college career of Freshman "Ted" McHolt.

The weeks passed quickly. Ted did well in all his courses except mathematics. He had occasional thoughts of rebellion against engineering, but he forced these from his mind and determined not to think of them again.

The first house party was a big affair. He invited Jane Morris, a girl from his home city who had the full approval of the family. She was a socialite; was very attractive, a good dancer, and a sophomore at Wells. Jane was older

than Ted in years, but not so mentally. Her views on any subject were always a restatement of something she had heard. She believed whatever the majority of people in her social class believed.

She was amusing, exceptionally polite, thoughtful, and a delightfully soft bundle to hold in one's arms. She knew the social conversation to a T. She could rebuff her date's too forward fraternity brother (and her date) with just the right amount of indignation. In fact she was considered the perfect house party date. She had everything—but originality.

Jane Morris was a machine. Oh, what a beautiful machine! Streamlined, wonderfully finished, chromium fittings, an instrument board that stopped clocks and made them run backwards. She fitted in perfectly with all the other machines, and would have been a credit to any showroom display. And like all good machines she responded quickly and exactly to her controller's wishes. Her controller was her current environment. Machine-like she had a set of rules for operation; one could not expect to abuse her and still have her work. Ted never abused!

Then vividly he thought of the night he had met Betty. It was just after mid-term exams (he had passed successfully with the exception of a condition in mathematics). Dick Van Remmer had come to his room and asked him to go out.

"Come on, Ted, I'm going to meet Bob Hammon down at 'Lou's.' He has two extra dates and needs someone to take them off his hands."

"Why not?"

As they entered "Lou's" they almost tripped over Bob who was lounging in a booth with three girls.

"Come on over and join us. It's three to one, and I'm not up to my old style tonight."

Looking over the girls Ted decided they were on the pick-up side. One of them was a blonde who had become disgusted with mother nature and had decided to blend her own. She was showing the effects of a few beers. The second was a very dark girl with black eyes; at least they looked black. They might, however, have been open for twenty-four hours straight and merely showing the effects of over exposure.

Dick hung up his coat, nodded to Ted, and crossed to the booth. As he approached the booth he noticed for the first time the third girl. She had retreated to the corner of the booth, more in pride than shyness. He sat down beside her.

"Hello, Betty—Betty what, if I may ask?"

"Why ask?"

"Well, it makes conversation, doesn't it?"

"Why talk?"

"You just want to sit here and drink?"

"Why drink?"

"It makes everything more sociable."

"Why in hell should I be sociable with you?"

"O.K., O.K. . . What's the trouble, your boy friend leave you?"

"I could get half a dozen boy friends in five minutes."

"I don't doubt that, but did 'the one' get mad?"

"No, no. I'm sick of the whole business. If I stay home I get mad at my family. If I come over here look what I get in with. I've seen all the movies. I've heard all the jokes. I like all the new songs."

"Damn, you certainly feel happy!"

"Oh, forget it. Give me another beer . . . no, make it a gin fizz. Too much

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Laughing Boy

The private life of one of the more familiar figures on the Lehigh campus

by Carl Fittkau

YOU can call him almost anything and get away with it, but don't call him conservative. He's even progressive in the social graces. Someone discovered at a mixed gathering that he had not danced since he was nine years old. One of the feminine sex took up the challenge and hauled him out on the floor. He waltzed the first one. Two dances later he was jitterbugging. That's the sort of a guy he is.

Still haunting Lehigh's hallowed halls although he received his honorable discharge last June is the versatile Weiss. Holder of a Godshall scholarship, he discovered early in the year that study unflavored by considerable outside activity made Eric a dull boy. Hence his latest contribution to student activity at Lehigh is his new play "The Lehigh Revue." The "Revue," a musical comedy written in collaboration with Dave Hughes, should not be confused with the REVIEW, which has been made famous in some quarters, infamous in others, but commented on everywhere, by the persevering pounding of the Weiss typewriter.

A sense of humor and the ability to drink beer save him from being the grim reforming type, but Weiss is most noted for his never-failing propensity to stir it even if it stinks. His position as editorial manager of the *Brown and White* last year, combined with membership in the campus's most important organizations gave him a perfect position from which to conduct a number of investigations. Working with men like Bill Dukek and J. Palmer Murphy, he dug out the results.

Weiss, clever enough to avoid exaggeration, presented vividly the results of investigations into topics ranging from fraternity politics in campus posts to inquiries into the present dining system. He handled them ably enough to create a general racket and produce some concrete results. Since those investigations, changes have been made in the managerial selection system; Scabbard and Blade elects on a fairer basis, and what is more important, several organizations were cleared of uncomplimentary campus rumors by the result of the surveys.

One of the choice few who have turned in something close to the mythical straight A average, bespectacled Weiss is not a grind. His success in maintaining an average which placed him third in the electrical engineering curriculum comes from his peculiar study methods. Disregarding a folder full of information on correct study habits and similar material, he sprawls in a chair, with one leg dangling over the side, props a book on a well worn study rack, grabs a couple of sheets of scrap paper and parks a pencil nearby and sets the wheels into motion. He studies with his door open impervious to noise. He shifts subjects frequently, rarely spending more than half an hour on any one topic—he even reads fiction in multiple, alternating from one book to another.

Once he gets going, an invader is most likely to get a curt "Get the Hell outa here" or a non-committal grunt to even the most proper question.

Most excruciating to his mates are his early morning song showers, which

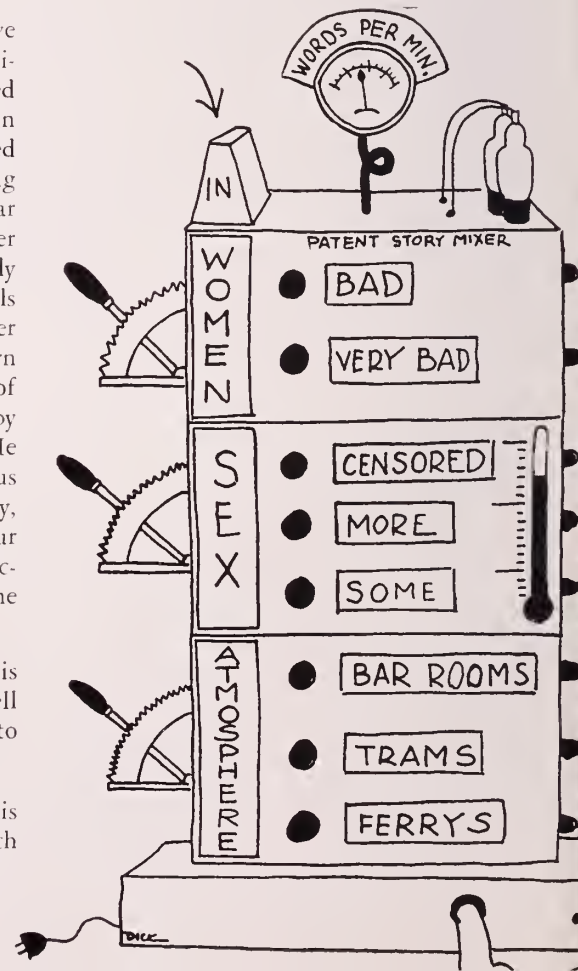
have brought vigorous complaints from innumerable sleepyheads during his four and a half years in Price Hall. But none of the threats have been carried out—and Weiss still showers.

Weiss is well-read enough to knock off most "bull-session" contentions, and skillful enough to convert socialists into communists or vice versa. He generally makes a shambles out of fondly-cherished theories. His peculiar delight in taking either side of a given topic prevents anyone from getting really excited, and gives a sense of proportion to expostulations on profound topics. His considerable amount of information about the most improbable subjects is effective in dispelling nebulous claims.

In an odd moment last year he won the Senior Williams prize for extemporaneous speaking with a dissertation on Hague of Jersey City. One sentence in true Weissian style changed the entire tenor of his speech, was the major factor in winning the award.

He continues to write fiction designed for outside publication, collects the rejection slips with the returned MS's and continues to write. A convincing feeling that he will come

page twenty-four, please



POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

by Dave De Beauchamp

The sad case of the frustrated Rupert Evans who was waylaid on the path of his education

THE bell rang; the door opened. J. Percival Blaine, assistant professor of English, strode into the room, head erect, shoulders back, to confront his class in Eng. 131, known to the masses as "Horror Tales."

As always happened when Percy faced a class, the short hairs on the back of his neck rose up as one and bristled. Just why this occurred was not fully known even to Percy, but he did know that he felt a certain antagonism towards these classes of his. Perc often complained to his wife that it was really a waste of time to try and teach college students any of the finer things. They just haven't any Awareness, he'd say.

Today was Tuesday. J. P. was wearing his double-breasted blue serge suit. He always wore his blue serge suit to school on Tuesdays and Thursdays. During the rest of the week he could be seen in a black and gray ensemble. Rumor had it at frequent intervals that J. P. was getting in a rut.

He had established the tradition over a period of years of neglecting to bring the correct attendance sheet with him to class. This was continually brought to the students' attention by the necessity of signing their names to a sheet of paper passed about the room.

"I seem to have brought the wrong sheet today," he would say and clear his throat just as he imagined any absent-minded professor would. Not that Perc was absent-minded. It was just that he never could understand how one of his slight stature bore up so well under the pressing burdens of life that were his. A man couldn't always remember the little things.

As today promised to be no exception there was a general stir in the room as everyone reached for a pencil

or pen. However, teacher fooled everyone, including himself. By accident he'd brought the right score card.

J. Percival Blaine seated himself at his desk and regarded the class. The three gentlemen in the back of the room were already asleep and several others gave promise of joining them shortly. The remaining few wore the usual bored expressions save one. That was the little fellow in the front row who was staring at him with wide-open unblinking eyes. The student's face carried the expression of one who, having been told that the water would spout from the rock, fully expected the water to spout. It was almost indecent, Percival thought. Every day this Evans person, Rupert Evans, appeared in class before him sitting with his mouth partly open as if to drink in every word of wisdom dropped from the mouth of his instructor.

Now Rupert was one of those singular individuals who come to college for the express purpose of learning. Accordingly he studied nights and read books and things like that. Rupert thought a lot too. He liked to regard himself as a thinker. Once he'd written a poem entitled "Why Am I?" and submitted it to the school magazine. It hadn't been published as yet. Just waiting for the right spot to use it, they said.

English 131 and J. Percival Blaine had been recommended to Rupert by a former friend of his who has since left school in despair because he got a B— in Abnormal Psychology. The poor fellow's morale had simply gone pft-t-t Rupert used to sigh. However J. P. had been highly thought of by Rupert's friend. Each day Rupert waited excitedly for the moment when his mind and the professor's would meet

in an exchange of mutual regard and esteem.

The assignment for today had been to read a story by a Russian writer well known for his depressing and sordid flights of fancy. It was all about a man and a woman who had dirty minds, and they got what they justly deserved in the end. Rupert had especially liked the part where the woman had gotten out of bed, crossed the dirty room and looked out of the dirty window into the dirty yard below. He had shivered a little when he read that.

As it happened the story also rather



appealed to Percival. He decided to re-read a portion of the tale to the class for purposes of discussion. He began to read in a thin reedy tone. As he progressed a heightening of interest could be noticed on the faces of his listeners. From the moment sex reared its lovely head. At the end of the reading it was announced that comments were

page twenty-one, please

GEORGE WELDON'S trembling fingers annoyed him. He tried to conceal his nervousness but it wasn't much use. Assistant coroners just out of med school don't expect to be awakened in the middle of the night to examine murder victims. Particularly not the body of the town's wealthiest and strangest citizen. But the coroner was out of town and the job of determining the cause and nature of the death of Meredith Campbell fell upon him. Weldon breathed easier when he learned that the cause was as obvious as it was. He was just a segment of red tape. The police just wanted a superficial examination and the required formal coroner's verdict of homicide.

He was glad that there wasn't anyone but the snoring police sergeant by the door. This was all in the sergeant's day's work. Weldon wouldn't want him to be awake and observing his fumbling with the instrument kit. Through the open French doors he could hear the police crashing around the grounds. They had been open all the time; someone might have left that way.

He had gotten the story on the way over. The police had been called about twelve-thirty by Fraser, Campbell's old Scotch manservant. The old fellow had been upset naturally, but his story had been straight enough.

Early in the evening Campbell had told him that he was expecting an old friend and had asked Fraser to prepare a bottle of champagne. That had been peculiar for old Campbell disliked visitors and never entertained. Fraser prepared the wine, was told that his services wouldn't be needed and so had gone to bed. He supposed that the guest arrived shortly after. A shot aroused him from his sleep and when he got to the study he found his master slumped across his desk.

The police were holding the old retainer, but there was no reason for doubting his story. He had served at the great house as long as anyone could remember, and had nothing to gain by Campbell's death.

As he bent over the dead man, Weldon wondered how the old fellow could have spent so many years, alone but for Fraser, in this vast tomb of a house. One of the town's favorite legends claimed that Campbell had built the house for a bride who died before

CORONER'S VERDICT

by Edwin H. Klein

A short short story complete on this page

it was completed. True or not, still Meredith had lived a strange, silent life for fifty years in great hilltop mansion, a morose recluse who refused to acknowledge the passing of time and an era.

The room was meticulously kept. Only the splinters of two crushed wine glasses marred the deep-piled rug. A half-emptied bottle rested majestically in its heavily chased silver ice bucket. The oiled sheen of the rich old walnut wainscoting, the neatness of the bookshelves, the carefully dusted bric-a-brac on the mantel, reflected the industry of Fraser and the disposition of his master.

Perhaps if it hadn't been for this uncommon orderliness, Weldon's eyes would not have been drawn to several tiny lumps of soot scattered on the well-brushed hearth. This discordant note made him cross the room for a closer examination. He wondered why soot should fall on a freshly swept hearth.

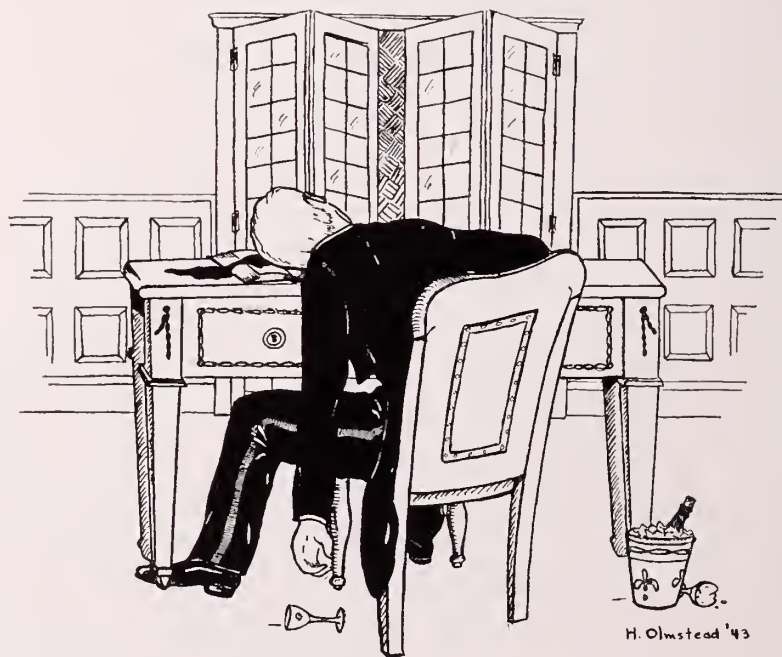
Groping with a half-formed theory, Weldon removed his coat and knelt down to examine the fireplace. His

small medical flashlight cast a thin beam of light up the blackness of the chimney. In the dim light he could vaguely make out the lines of a pistol dangling from a cord like a spider from a web.

Remembering not to touch the gun, he grasped the cord and sought to dislodge it. What he had supposed to be a cord proved to be a stout piece of elastic. He drew the gun down into the fireplace. He held it for a minute and then released it. The gun snapped back out of sight, hitting the side of the flue. A few grains of soot fell.

Weldon straightened up and dusted the soot off his arm. The sergeant was still snoring in his chair. Weldon hesitated before awaking him. The old man's suicide was apparent now. A carefully planned suicide by a proud old gentleman, after long years of emptiness and loneliness—no friends, just memories. If it hadn't been for those soot grains on the shining hearth.

Weldon made his decision. He drew the proper form out of his case and filled in the proper blank with "death at the hands of person or persons unknown."



The Last Laugh . . .

**Being the leading giggle-lifters
from all the leading gag-azines**

BEATING AROUND THE BUSH?

What is a double petunia?
Well, a petunia is a flower like a begonia;
A begonia is a meat like a sausage;
A sausage and battery is a crime;
Monkeys crime trees;
Trees a crowd;
A rooster crowd in the morning and made a noise;
A noise is on your face like your eyes;
The eyes is the opposite of the nays;
A horse nays; A horse has a colt;
You get a colt and go to bed and wake up in the morning with double petunia.

—University Daily Kansan.

We point with pride to the purity
of the white space between our jokes.

My typust is on her vacation,
My trpist's awau fpr a week.
My trpudt us in her vacarion
sgile these damb keys pley hude and seej.
Bren Buck bting bzck
Oy, brung becj mub Onnie to me ti me;
B8&ng b4xj, b-ng bicz,
Oj. brong brsk m--beInio-Imx.
O helk.
dabit-dabit-dabit-dabit-&x**?*!!--

—Exchange.

Familiarity breeds contempt. Contempt is what we have for villains. Villains are nasty men in plays. Plays are what they have on Broadway. Broadway is a street in New York. New York is a big city. Therefore, familiarity breeds a big city.

LIMERICKS

There once was a maiden from Siam
Who said to her love, young Kiam:
"If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,
But God knows you're stronger than I am."

A morose and extraneous louse
Met a moth in the pelt of a mouse.
The moth was a fussy
But sensual hussy
Whom he took as his common-law spouse.

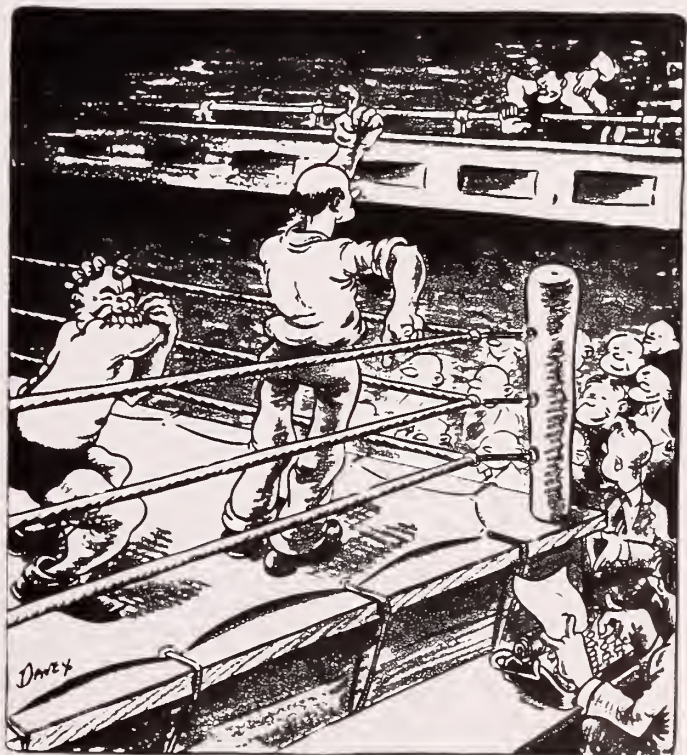
A year of reading Freshman English papers glistens and is golden only in retrospect. We've all got our cherished mesalliances of metaphor, culled from hundreds of bright young papers. Not many of us care about the word "boners," but we save them, and are justly proud of the talented three or four in a class who "come through" constantly. One of ours, a paper on the American home and family, had this sentence: "Sometimes I wonder whether it is best to be married, or singular." The same paper: "My family come from an uninhibited mountain region."

This example of metonymy has, our friends agree, an apocalyptic note in it: "Yesterday there was a large hand working in the fields."

Other *obiter dicta* for the tired reader:

"A strong temper coupled with a powerful physic frequently leads to disaster."

"It was not until her first child was born that he became aware she was interested in men."
—Pelican.



"Throw him back, lady! They ain't no souvenirs tonight."



I LIKE THE SMOKY TASTE

**The bartender thought it was too nice
a night to just sit there and drink**

by Vernon Groff

I SAT in the Renault Tavern at the bar, all by myself. First I ordered a Calvert. The bartender was a sociable sort. What'll you have with it Bud, he said. Oh, make it a beer, I said, thinking to myself that a beer on top of a shot is much more potent than soda on top of a shot.

What you want to try is Teachers, Bud, said the bartender. This bartender, I thought to myself, is trying to do better business for the house. So I said No, make it Seagram's Seven Crown this time. It's the smoky taste you get in Teachers though, Bud, he said. No, I said, just make it Seagram's Seven Crown with some more beer.

You're drinkin' tonight Bud, said the bartender. Oh I dunno, I said. I'm waiting for a chum, you know how it is. Sure, he said, it's a pretty nice night. Nice night to get around. No doubt, no doubt, I answered. No doubt me and my chum will get around. By the way, I said, let me have a Teachers. O.K., he said, you ought to try Teachers, it has a smoky taste. No doubt you want some beer with it. Oh sure, I said, pour a little beer into this glass. My name's Bill, just call me Bill, he said. So I let a quarter lie on the bar when I paid my drink. Nice sociable sort, Bill. Let you in on what to drink, what has a smoky taste and the like.

The bar was beginning to fill with well-dressed nice brown men with their

hair slicked down, most all of them bringing in beautiful babes with very brown complexions and dresses that fit their breasts fit to knock your eyes out. Below in the back room Ted Manasco's orchestra was beginning to beat it out for the night life. Those boardwalk hotspots do a great trade after dark.

I saw Mac come in the front door, squinting down the aisle between the tables. I sat and toyed with the glass in my hand and chatted with Bill, not being in any way unsophisticated, until Mac came up to where I was sitting. This is Mac, I said to Bill, I would like to have you meet this friend of mine. Glad to know you, said the bartender, you drinking too? Oh well, you may as well pour me something now that I'm here. Well, you name it and the poison's yours, said Bill, being sociable. Make it Calvert's, said my friend Mac. Bill, who I could see had taken to Mac right away, said Why sure brother, but have you ever tried Teachers? Oh Calvert's is O K by me said Mac. And pour a little beer in a glass for a chaser.

Bill was very obliging and he poured my friend Mac a very brimming pony of Calvert's. Well, it took you long enough to get here, said I to Mac, I been sitting here chinning with this bartender Bill, and I already drank three shots. Tell you how it was, said Mac, my mother was ironing this shirt,

but the main thing at this time is that here I am, and now let us pour this one down.

The floor in the back room was getting very full of people dancing, and I looked down and admired the women, who were all very attractive, having a hell of a good time with their boyfriends. That lousy singer with the band, though, was really very lousy. Why, I could do better myself, I said. Sure you could said the bartender, what'll you swallow? Seeing me on the brink, he reached for the Teachers bottle and sort of encouraged me. Good old aged in the wood pre-war stuff from the other side, he said encouragingly. Well, I'll take Teachers, I said. Mac looked over the stock in front of the mirror and finally said, suppose you empty a little of that Seagram's Seven Crown into this glass, with a beer chaser, he said. Make it two beer chasers, I said. I could see Bill would have liked to pour two Teachers, but he went about his business as any good bartender should.

What'll we do tonight, Mac asked me. Well, right now all I can see is this Teachers. It's all true what he says, I said to Mac, this smoky taste is there all right. How do you like that Seagram's? Oh Seagram's is fine stuff, said Mac, but getting back to this question of what shall we do tonight, there doesn't seem a hell of a lot of choice, and that's a fact. I think I'll try some

Teachers, he said as he finished off his glass and drank the beer down after it.

Oh mighty fine stuff, mighty fine stuff, I said, you certainly must try Teachers, am I right Bill. You certainly are, kiddo, you certainly are, said the bartender, it's what I call that good old smoky taste, and he winked at me and Mac fit to pop his eye out. A good friend, Bill, I said to Mac. Mac tasted his Teachers and said Yes he is, he's the kind that would stand by a guy through thick and thin. Smoky as hell, that's what it is, smoky as hell and damn good stuff. Snort up a couple more, Bill old boy, said Mac.

Those women sure were dancing around that old floor, but after a while the lights went blue and the M C stepped out on the floor. Ladies and gentlemen he said, tonight we have with us those two colossal exponents of the now faded but once highly developed art, that pair of terpsichorean toe teasers who once trucked on down before the president of the United States and his wife Eleanor, that wonderful combination of man and woman who bring before you tonight the most polished and stupendous exhibition of that most graceful and breathtakingly beautiful variety of educated toe traipsing something or other or . . . such and so forth . . . sonzzipf . . . giganopoolzgh . . . you said it . . .

I tell you Bill, this Teachers is something to swear by. It's wonderful stuff and I'm convinced of that. I don't know where you ever discovered such a marvelous bottle of drinking fluid. I would certainly appreciate it if you just went and poured me another one, and you can depend on that, and one for my friend Mac here, I said to the bartender. Am I right Mac?

You certainly are said my friend Mac. This man across the bar here is something you do not find every day. Whatever it was that guided us in here tonight I do not know, but it was certainly a stroke of fortune and I shall never forget it not to my dying day. Just put a little of that good old firewater right here in this little old glass, Bill old boy old boy, right in here, and we will drink to your health.

It certainly is a fine night to get around, said Bill the bartender. If I was you guys now I would get out of this hole and prance out there on them

boards and see what I could find. Mind you now it's all right with me if you stay here and drink some more, all night and tomorrow if you want to, understand, but it certainly is a fine night, and I am glad you like this smoky taste, but how about you drink this one on me and then take the air and look around, whaddaya say?

A gennelman, that's what he is, a gennelman, Mac said to me, you're looking at a gennelman. If he says it's smoky, it's smoky, and if he says it's a fine night, that's what it is, so whaddaya say here's to Bill? So Mac and I drank to Bill and went out. Mac left a half dollar on the bar for Bill just to show his appreciation.

We walked up the boardwalk and it certainly was a fine night. The stars were hanging out over the ocean and the gals were just thronging about from the shops to the rails. Everybody was out and you could see it was one of the damndest finest nights that ever happened.

What to do, what to do, with all this smokiness and stuff, I certainly do think there should be something doing in this fine old town, said Mac. You can find more people in this good ole town, and whaddaya say we look for some, whaddaya say.

You are right, I said, and speaking of hamburgers, there is no place I know of on this side of heaven where hamburgers are more plentiful and better tasting than right up this street. You mean Hamburger John's said Mac. Why by God you are right, you are talking right up my alley. You couldn't have picked anything more to my taste aside from whiskey, I guess. They are smoky too, aren't they, old Joe, aren't they now, he said. Why they must be, I said, come we will go and see.

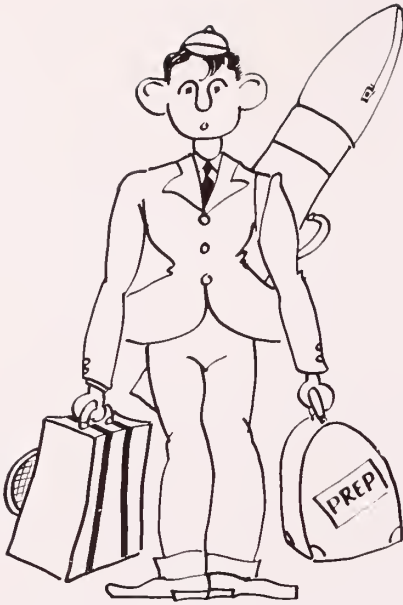
We turned up New York Avenue, and right across from the Chez Patee where that ham M C was playing a stinky stretch we turned into Hamburger John's. Well good evening my yong frenss said John, how manny homboogrrs? First, said Mac, I want to ask you a question, are they smoky John, are your hamburgers smoky? It's a not smoaky, I'm sorrry, bot tomatas an onnions, lotts a tomatas an onnions, said John.

What the hell is this, said Mac. You say you have hamburgers and they are not smoky. Are you not ashamed to stand there and admit you have no smoky hamburgers. It is a sin and a shame, and I will go to the commissioners of this fair city about such a situation. John is a very law-abiding

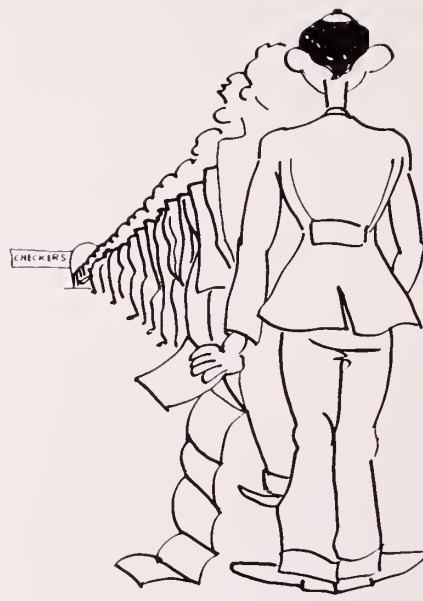
page twenty-two, please



"Keep the walls from looking bare."



1 Follows herein the violent struggle between Wilbur MacGonigle and the educational system. This above is Wilbur after alighting from the railroad train. His mouth has been open since Newark. He will live to regret that.



2 In return for slapping down a 300-dollar check, Wilbur has been given an impressive string of tickets which saves the use of carbon paper. Wilbur will never forget Packer Hall as you can well imagine. Notice he is not smoking.



3 Wilbur has not is only too will lucky he is to be ta very glad to be cho the new house they



6 Wilbur has now remembered, but it is too late to do any good. Note that Willie already looks much older and experienced. He is older. Any recollections that the blond might arouse in the reader must be taken as purely coincidental.



7 But Wilbur has dropped the blond in favor of Blanche Grisley, his high school sweetheart. You can see Wilbur wants Blanche to enjoy herself. This is the last time either we or Wilbur hears of Blanche.



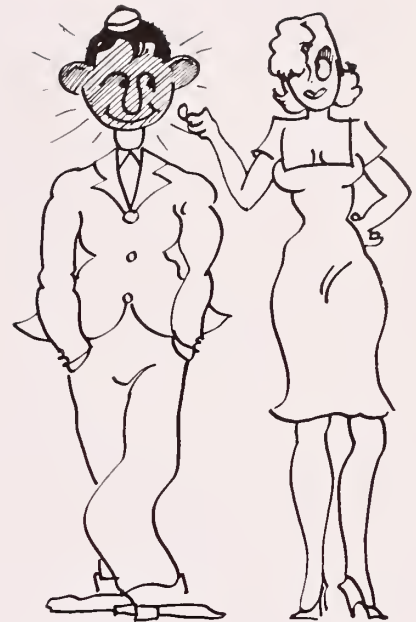
8 Comes Spring other things to work. Here is Wilbu other things. Steal a Ha!



ed very much, but he
le finds out here how
into Sigma Pi Pi. He is
cause they tell him of
t to get next year.



4 Wilbur has learned how lucky he was. He only hopes that some brother doesn't need a pair of suspenders. Right now he is trying to remember something his father told him about fraternities.



5 Now that Heck week is over, Wilbur has added some color. The impedimenta on the right seems to remind him of something else his father said, but he can't remember. Perhaps he'll think of it later.



Wilbur learns there are
ol besides work, work,
nking about one of the
: to Wilbur in No. 10.



9 Wilbur is no longer the Wilbur we knew. Bock has come to town. In a few minutes our man will find out exactly how much beer he can put away safely. After that catharsis, Wilbur will walk with firmer stride.



10 SO LONG, WILBUR!!

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Patient—I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness.

Friend—What's so tough about that?

Patient—You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.
—Lyre.

Pat was a true son of Erin, and always ready for a joke. One day a farmer in passing him shouted good-humoredly:

"Bad luck to you, Pat!"

"Good luck to you, sir!" cried Pat.
"May neither of us be right!"

—Dodo.

Her: "You ain't no gentleman."

Him: "You ain't no blonde!"

An old linotype went askew
With its naked machinery in view

It made love to the press

In this state of undress

Saying gently, "etaoinshrdlu."

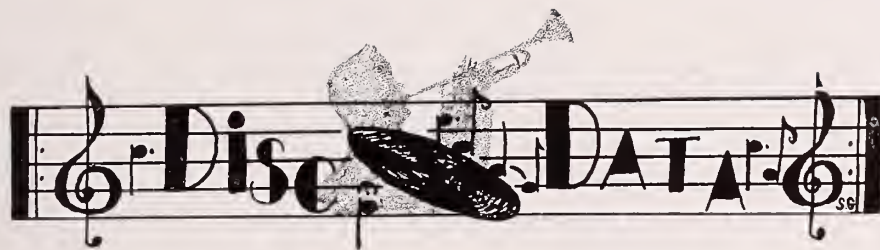
—Widow.

With a wild yell he sprang behind a chair, threw it madly to one side and then flung himself under a table. For several minutes he lay there, wiggling and squirming. Then he dragged himself out, hitting his head on the bottom of the table, and, cursing furiously, dashed across the room and dived over a divan. After a minute he crawled from behind it and stood up. "These damned ping pong balls sure are hell to catch," he muttered.—Scissored.

Hell hath no fury like a woman so popular that everybody thought it was not necessary to ask her.—Cal Tech.



"Is Nell Home?"



by Stan Gilinsky '40

WITH the recent phenomenal rise to popularity of the Benny Goodman Sextet a great deal of attention has been given to the other so-called chamber or band-within-the-band groups. The Sextet, while being the most popular, has to bow to the John Kirby group for real jammin' jazz. Their subtle taste and excellent technical skill make this an almost "idealistic" jam combination. The real advantage of the group is their permanence and that they put in much more playing time than subsidiary units like the Sextet and the Bob Cats.

The small outfits had a tough climb to the top. They have had to overcome a natural prejudice, built up by the jitterbug age, against anything that didn't blow the roof off with eight or nine brasses. Group improvisation was subordinated to brass-filled arrangements with chances for solos given only at the whim of an arranger. Gradually the subtleties of swing began to be appreciated and the unwieldiness of the full band as a medium of collective musical expression plus a lack of space in the New York night clubs led to the initial move in favor of small combines. Then Benny Goodman took up the idea with his trio and quartet; their success was mediocre, being built mainly on the reputation of the individual performers and musically at fault because of its shallowness. With the addition of Artie Bernstein's bass and Charlie Christian's magic guitar, Hampton's vibes and Benny's clarinet were able to achieve heretofore unheard-of blends and at the same time received sufficient rhythmical support to add the needed depth to their solos.

Other prominent groups include Bob Crosby's Bob Cats, Woody Herman's Woodpeckers, Tommy Dorsey's Clam Bake Seven, Johnny Hodges' and Cootie Williams' select groups from Duke Ellington's band, Count Basie and his

rhythm section recordings, Fats Waller, Joe Sullivan and Lionel Hampton and their respective recording groups.

The most recent small band recording group to gain recognition is dubbed Six Men and A Girl, hiding the fact that five Andy Kirkians plus pianist Mary Lou Williams are the ones who really demonstrate the spontaneous charm of a skillful extemporaneous group with *Zonky; Scratchin' The Gravel; Mary Lou Williams Blues; Tea For Two*. (Va.) Dick Wilson's tenor in *Zonky* plus Mary's piano are the highlights.

Herman Again

Still keeping up the improvement, the Herman herd dispell *Pick-a-Rib; Say Si Si Peach Tree Street; Give A Little Whistle*. (D.) All numbers reveal swell orchestrations plus short to-the-point solos. *Street is Basin Street* done over.

Best news from the Columbia studio is that Count Basie has just recorded with the Benny Goodman Sextet, *Gone With The Wind; Till Tom Special* and that the combination will be permanent in the future.

Press releases from Victor announce that Artie Shaw has recorded four sides augmenting a regular fourteen piece swing combo with a thirteen-man string section, flute, oboe, bass clarinet, and French horn and still keeping in the swing idiom. We wonder?

Probably the most talked about record of the month is the second Metronome All Star Band's charity effort with an even more brilliant personnel. *King Porter Stomp* features ensemble work and solos by Goodman, James, and why go on? The backing *All Star Strut* is a medium bounce jam record with a small combination depending more

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All Star Strut

Metronome All Star
Band

35391—How High the Moon
The Fable of the Rose

Benny Goodman
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35390—If I Could Be the Dummy On
Your Knee

If It Wasn't For the Moon

Vocals by Bonnie Baker—

Orrin Tucker
and His Orchestra

35393—Leavin' On the Ole Top Rail
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BUILD A MACHINE

from page seven

beer makes me sick."

"You're not going to get drunk are you?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, no reason. It just seems kind of senseless." He suggested they go somewhere else.

Riding along in his car, Ted turned on the radio. It was a Saturday night and Toscanini was conducting. He remembered how she had seemed to soften as she heard the music.

"Do you mind listening to this?"

"Mind it! I love it."

"No, honestly, do you?"

"I listen to it every chance I get, which isn't very often. Pop and my sister can't stand it. None of the boys I go out with will even listen to it for a minute. It's soooo heavy!"

"I still don't know your last name."

"Betty's a nice name, isn't it?"

"Sure, but it's only half a name."

"The rest of it is Stein — Betty Stein."

"I get it. But it doesn't really make much difference to me. Or does that sound silly?"

"I don't know. I guess it's a sort of a mechanical defense. Maybe it doesn't make any difference to you. It's hard to tell from my side."

He remembered that evening even now. There had been, for a time, some change in reason, some change in viewpoint, some little thing had happened that made him feel soft and warm inside. He knew again, he was still sure of it; that on that night he had met a girl who was different, in a real sense. Perhaps she was too different. In her character was something repressed, something that he analyzed now for the first time. He realized that whatever it was—his character was not strong enough to compensate for it.

"Hey, Ted." Dick's voice brought him back to the present.

"Yea."

"Let's go out to the range and shoot a while. We've plenty of time before dinner. It'll get our minds off exams, and give us some fresh air."

"Sounds like a good idea to me." He went to his closet and got out his twenty-two pistol. He and Dick often went out to an old stone quarry where they had a range set up. Dick was tak-

ing his master's degree and had quite a little time to spare.

"Come on, let's get going, shall we?"

"Say, isn't it raining out?"

"No, just a slight drizzle. We won't stay long, just shoot up a box or so."

As they were coming down stairs Jack Todd came in the front door.

"Say, Ted, I'm afraid I have bad news for you. I was just in Professor Hunt's office. He was correcting exams and you got a 56."

"No foolin', did I?"

"I'm afraid so."

Dick touched his arm: "Come on, you can't do anything about it now; let's go out as we planned."

"I can't, Dick. I've got to go see Hunt right now. I've got to pass that course!"

"O.K. boy, good luck!"

Ted slid into his car. He thought again of the awkward pattern of his life. He had worked hard; thought he was finished; he'd planned to go out with Betty tonight and celebrate. Betty—funny how he kept thinking of her. He hadn't seen her for weeks. It'd been like that for over a year now. Couldn't go out too often because her mother didn't like the idea of her seeing so much of a Gentile boy. He'd been so busy he hadn't thought much about it.

Now—if he didn't pass this course he'd have to come back next year. Couldn't do that—damn, he *wouldn't* come back. But what about Betty? His father would never stand for his marrying her. Besides, there was Jane. They got along all right, but she didn't see him as Betty did. Jane couldn't understand why he didn't like engineering.

He slammed the car door and ran up the steps of the mathematics building. Professor Hunt was sitting at his desk.

"Oh, come in, McHolt . . . You want to see me?"

"Yes. I wondered how I made out in the exam."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that; marks aren't posted until Monday."

"But I've got to know. This is the course that makes or breaks me."

"I might as well tell you now—you didn't pass. It seems to me, McHolt, that you could have studied more. You don't concentrate. This stuff's not easy,

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you know. You should have studied
more during the year."

"I studied, damn it!"

"But not enough!"

"Study!! I stay up half the night
before each quiz. For three years I've
taken math and for three years I've
had to repeat courses in it. And now
for four measly points I must spend
another semester studying math . . . 56
. . . You failed me for four lousy
points!!"

Slowly he drew from his pocket the
twenty-two revolver.

"McHolt; what are you doing with
that gun? Put it away! Be sane, man—
get out of here!"

The sharp click of the hammer
sounded like a cannon in the room.

Ted straightened up, feeling the
target pistol grow heavier in his hands,
remembering that the first chamber
had been left empty for safety's sake.
The gun fell out of his hands and clat-
tered down onto the professor's desk.
Ted stared at the gun.

"Holy Christ!"

The professor's voice was shaking.
"Get out," he said. "Get out of here!
I'll pass you . . . but get out of here!"

He slid the gun into his desk drawer.

Ted backed up and then ran out the
door and down the hall. He stopped on
the steps of the building, breathing
rapidly, leaning up against the solid
stone wall. It didn't make any differ-
ence if he passed or not any more. The
point was that he *wanted* to pass, to
graduate and become an engineer for
the McHolt Steel Corporation, makers
of the finest industrial machinery in the
country. Perhaps he could write a letter
to Betty.

He walked down the road to his car.



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DISC DATA

from page seventeen

on the individual brilliance of each musician. (Col.)

Miller Test

Glenn Miller is now facing his real test. His style has had a chance to get around, has picked up its quota of imitators, and most important of all has been over-absorbed by the public. The question remains whether it will be passed off as just another pretty novelty or will it establish itself as a true musical idiom in the manner of the Goodman-Henderson style. Frankly we think it needs a slight revision, but then again it's the public who decides and the decision points against us. Anyway Glenn keeps on turning out gobs of recordings with *My! My! Say It. Too Romantic; Sweet Potato Piper*, being the last registered. Without even listening we know what to expect.

Harry James' second Varsity recording is of some consequence mainly because we wonder how they ever let one side get out. The band seems to have lots of fun recording *Headin' For Hallelujah* but musically it doesn't make sense. The reverse *Alice Blue Gown* is much more intelligent and sounds like Mr. James.

Jimmy Dorsey's *Major and Minor Stomp* is a swell change from the usual pops and the ending brings back memories of the dynamics of the *Parade of the Milk Bottle Caps*. The backing features a cute Helen O'Connell vocal plus more good swing in *Keep a Knockin'*. (D.)

Mildred Bailey is still in an experimental mood as she tries out her new chamber classical-swing group in *W'ham; Little High Chairman*. After a few spins on the turntable to get used to the atmosphere the results aren't bad at all. By all means catch the unusual spirit of *W'ham*. It's unique. (Col.)

We mentioned Jimmy Lunceford's *Uptown Blues* last issue but after hearing it again suggest that you compare it to any recent recording in the true swing blue vein and then revel in its excellent taste, astounding counterpoint and lack of flag-waving anti-climaxes.

This is swing as it should be played. (Vo.)

Lionel Hampton's small combination finally fulfills all its potentialities in *Munson Street Breakdown; I Can't Get Started*. A lot of credit to Clyde Hart's simple arrangements in which he even manages to quiet Hampton's rambunctious piano piling. Even Bunny Berigan would get a kick out of his theme. (V.)

Decca's Teddy Powell is in quite a dilemma. He can't get recognition as a swing band despite some fine evidences of negroid style, solid rhythm and good originals. Some claim a good colored arranger will set him right. Meanwhile Teddy is debating whether or not he should revert to sweet. We beg him not to, after hearing *Pussy In The Corner; Some Day. The Sphinx; Flea On A Spree*. The first coupling is real Savoy in a proper white setting. Milt Raskin's piano alone is worth the price. Stick to your guns, Teddy.

Georgie Auld's first band, just a memory now, leaves some fond remembrances on Varsity with *Sweet Sue—Just You; With The Wind And The Rain In Your Hair*.

Frankie Trambauer is interesting in *Retard*. (Va.) Miscellaneous recommended are *Dream Blues*. (Vo.) by Hodges, *Kinda Like You* (Bl.) by Barnett, *Ham 'n Eggs* by Basie (Col.) *Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet* (D.) by Mills Brothers and *Tuxedo Junction* (Va.) by James.

We wonder why the iceman smiles so,
When his glance happens to meet
The sign: "Please drive slow,
The child in the street
May be yours you know."

Pell Mell.

Scientists have definitely proved that
the bumble bee has not enough wing
space with which to fly. However, the
bumble bee does not know this and flies
anyway.
—Widow.

Governor, looking at newly constructed WPA dam—Mi-gawd, the water! It's supposed to be on the other side!
—Drexlerd.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

from page nine

in order. A beefy party in the seat behind Rupert raised his hand and prepared to make a statement.

"I don't think things like that happen in real life," he said with some conviction. "I never met nobody like that, I didn't," he added.

"Yeah, me too," came from the far corner of the room.

"Yeah," said three other men about town.

Rupert could hardly restrain himself. At last his chance had come. He would now show the professor and his classmates how deep was his feeling and understanding on a matter such as this. He raised his hand and on Father Percy's acknowledgment prepared to speak.

"Of course the writer has painted a rather sordid picture," he began, and then faltered momentarily. He was disconcerted by the hollow sound of his own voice in the room which had fallen deathly silent. You see, hardly anyone had ever noticed Rupert's presence in the room before, and to hear a voice come from out of nowhere left them—well.

Before the speaker could go on Percival literally leaped into the breach.

"Young man," and Percival pointed an accusing finger at Rupert, "What do you know about life? What can you with your meager knowledge and experience know of the lives of two such people as this?"

"But I didn't mean—," Rupert broke in and then stopped at a loss for words.

"You with your bourgeois mind and inexperience," exclaimed J. P. warming to his work. "Life isn't a bowl of cherries to us all, you know." Fine sarcasm edged into his voice. "Why, one has only to go to the East Side or the Bowery in New York City to see life worse than it's painted here." Percival had been there once himself. He'd gotten on the wrong streetcar, and before he knew it there he was. Had the devil of a time finding his way out, too. Yes sir, that had been an experience.

Poor Rupert, aghast at this turn in events, remained too stunned to speak. There he sat, bathed in the scorn of

his instructor. A nasty snicker started behind him. *Quelle injustice*. It was a mistake. He must explain.

"But, sir—."

"Life is real, life is earnest." The honorable Percy droned on and on. He told about the great outside world and what a mean, horrid place it was. He even scared himself a little.

Through it all Rupert sat as one mortally stricken. Was this the meeting of minds that was to have been? He was being ridiculed unjustly before the whole class. Rupert was a sensitive boy, and his nose began to quiver. He felt deeply for himself. Shame flooded his being.

Suddenly anger had him in its grip. His muscle, the one in his left arm, began to twitch. Though it wasn't a nice thing, he felt he could hate J. Percival Blaine in time. He couldn't stand this any longer. What to do, what to do?

The answer came to him like a flash. He knew what he'd do. It would be a master stroke. No one could safely hold Rupert Evans up to ridicule. He stood up suddenly, moved to the door and faced the good professor who paused, mouth open, hand upraised. For a moment they faced each other, Percy bewildered, Rupert drawing himself up to his full height of five feet three. A baleful look of scorn crossed Rupert's face, and then,

"Goodbye, Mister Chips," he said, walked out and slammed the door.



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I LIKE THE SMOKY TASTE

from page thirteen

citizen, but I could see he was not pleased with the present turn of events.

Let us not argue about this matter further, I said to Mac, pulling him by the coat-tail. It is of no consequence at all and an average person cannot expect to find everything smoky in this vale of tears. Let us have two of your prize hamburger specials, I said to John so as to end the altercation. Mac sat down and agreed with me, he being an intelligent chap and well able to see good in everything, you could always depend on that, at any time. John gave a very good glare or two and no doubt feeling that I had said sufficient good words, he turned about and dished us up two hamburgers of fine proportions.

So we sat in the little restaurant and were very quiet for perhaps a minute, inasmuch as we relished these meaty morsels with great abandon. My good old friend Mac was very much taken with the delicious tidbits, yes sir, very much taken, and he said to the large-bodied Greek proprietor, Let us have two more of your ground-meat sandwiches, my dear sir, and allow me to offer my apologies for being so short with you. These are indeed some of the choicest, some of the juiciest, some of the best-natured hamburgers it has been my privilege to meet up with. They are in short the nuts no less, and you can lay to that. At this Mr. So-and-sopolis beamed a beaming smile, being highly flattered and certainly a man who bore no other man, be he man or beast, any ill will.

Having eaten these excellent hamburgers I got up to leave, and when I was outside I stood for a time listening to the spiel of the M C in the Chez Paree who was very punk, oh very punk. When I turned to see where my dear old pal was, I saw him still inside. He was talking to a party sitting at one of the tables along the wall. Come come, I thought to myself, let us be up and away from here because the night is wasting and we have not yet been around to any extent. Then I saw that Mac was talking to one of the men at this table, a very nasty looking character who was small for his age and of an unpleasant construction of features, how unpleasant I cannot begin to describe. Oh so you do not want to gam-

ble, is that it, I heard Bill say, so you do not wish to stake a few dollars on the turn of the wheel, is that it? Why I certainly took you for something more than that, he continued. Good old Mac I said to myself, he is beginning to get the urge to win money and interfering in other people's affairs too, there is no doubt about it, that is just what he is trying to do.

Then I saw him take out a pair of dice and roll them across the floor up against the wall. The damned old nasty-faced character just grinned sort of crooked, but I saw a gleam come into his eyes from where I stood leaning against the door jamb. He couldn't fool me, positively not, I could see the gleam. Oh but this is certainly going to be a crap game of no mean dimensions I thought to myself, when I saw that Mac had rolled a four. Well, sir, there you are said Mac, it is a four and I give you ten bucks at two to one. I noticed a gleam come into this character's eyes sitting at the table, and I saw him look at his companions, another citizen of unpleasant face and a large bulk of a gent who was no doubt a prize fighter and lastly but not leastly a very wicked-looking woman, what a body, what a body. She certainly was wicked-looking.

Not discovering that the citizen accepted the offer of my bosom companion Mac I turned my thoughts to pleasanter things, dreaming of such things as smoky whiskey and the like, when of a sudden out of the door came Mac with the little gent on his arm. Like the old master I was at this point I took hold of the gent's other arm and we walked up the good old dark old street. It certainly is a fine night, and who have we here for a boon companion, I said to Mac. Why this friend of mine is in the mood for some rolls of the dice at the 500 Club casino, said Mac, and I thought we would be agreeable and go with him to this house of vice and sin. Do you think it is all right, he finished. Why most certainly, most certainly, we must always befriend a person who has been left at our doorstep, I said.

The gent at this point did not like how things were going, and he immediately stopped and said, Hey, what is dis? So good old good old Mac who is very impulsive simply stepped to one

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side and began a fine swinging round-house from the curb. All right you asked for it, he said. But even though I was holding the ugly little citizen's other arm, he ducked in good time and evaded the blow. At this same time we heard a policeman's whistle making a terrible to-do down the street, and we saw the pugilistic gentleman dashing out of good old Hamburger John's. He was certainly mad, he certainly was.

Taking this as our cue, as was only natural, Mac and I left matters stand and beat it off up the street and down a couple of alleys. Then we sat down on the curb and laughed and laughed, we certainly did laugh, why to this very day I can remember how we laughed, taking no little joy in the way this gent almost come a cropper. Boy you sure are some wild old fellow I said to Mac, you sure do like to start things now don't you my friend old friend. I cannot get over the way you led that character out there into the street to paste him one. You said it Joe, you have pronounced something there all right all right, said Mac. This old town is one of the best I know of, and there is nothing when you get right down to it that is more to my liking than things like this, unless it is perhaps smoky Teachers. Does that give you any kind of an idea, he said after a pause.

Why yes, I said getting up, I does and no mistake, I see exactly what you mean. I would like to suggest that we go down this alley a piece and not go back up to New York Avenue because no doubt it is very unfriendly there. At this we sat down on the curb again and very nearly fell off it just laughing and laughing. Then we got up and walked down some more back alleys.

When we reached Renault's again there was good old Bill, one of the very best of bartenders who remembers a face every time, because he said well what'll it be boys, kind of expectant-like. Bill, said Mac, as he walked up to the bar, this is a very fine night just as you said. A finer night to get around I don't believe I ever saw, but here we are back again just to sort of see if there is really anything to this smoky business. It sure is said Bill, this Teachers is some of the smokiest stuff I can recommend and I am glad to see you back, although as I

have said if I were young and without anything to do I would certainly go out and find something doing rather than sit in a bar someplace. You understand I do not want to be disloyal to this place or have you think I am not glad to have you here, but on an excellent night like this, why in hell don't you guys do something instead of just sit here and drink? Well Bill, said Mac, the truth of the matter is you are a scholar and a gentleman and we have just come back to have some of your smoky whiskey. It is fine stuff all right, it certainly is. We will have two and you may drink one yourself, on us, said Mac in a burst of kindness to this man who had introduced us to this fine smoky whiskey.

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7 WEST FOURTH STREET

LAUGHING BOY

from page eight

through permeates himself and those who surround him.

Accused of possessing a diabolical story producing machine because of the quantity of fiction he turned out for the REVIEW, Weiss grinned and locked his closet door but the answer to his prolificness is hard work, a little plot notebook, and constant revision.

Although his present status doesn't necessitate outside employment, he has shown ability and gained experience as a waiter and probably could get a good reference from the Lehigh Lunch where he worked during his senior year and combined repartee with hash slinging.

Last summer Weiss and his musical comedy collaborator, Hughes, drove to the West Coast in a 1930 Ford, just for the ride. He is probably the only person in the country who made an extensive cross country tour and never talks about it.

For the last four summers he has been a councillor in a boy's camp. In charge of administrative detail, Weiss also did yeomen duty at the water front. With aquatics his chief interest, he is a Senior Red Cross life saver and has led several canoeing trips down the Delaware. His present ambition is to canoe from Bethlehem to Philadelphia via the Lehigh and Delaware rivers, a feat unsuccessfully undertaken by two Lehigh voyageurs last year.

Diversified in his interests, peculiarly constructed to excel in engineering and journalism, and capable of receiving high honors in varied fields, Weiss is unpredictable. Just what he will pull next won't be known till it happens.

Right now he is sharing a model airplane building craze with a few other lads. Second childhood? Nope. Just relaxing, and typically he has to do something—even to relax.

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CINEMATICALLY SPEAKING

The picture was so bad they had to give a set of dishes to the producer to get him to look at the rushes.

The critics feel the author must have something on the producer to make him put out such a picture, and they believed it must be more than murder.

The picture was so bad they could not even get the audience in on dish night before they filled the plates with soup.

The star insisted on a raise because she receives equal billing with Dish Night and Screeno, wherever her picture is playing.

Today an actor is nothing more than a straight man for a set of dishes.

A moving picture owner said he could make more money if he could do away with running the pictures and just run screeno continuously.

Some gulls were following a ferry boat.

An Irishman said, "Nice flock of pigeons."

"Those are gulls," insisted a tourist.

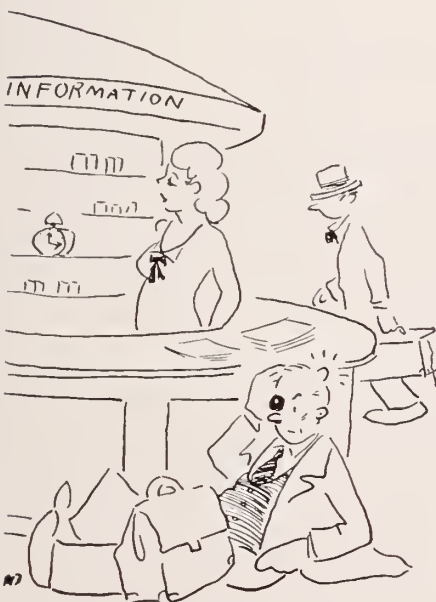
"Well," said the Irishman, "gulls or boys, they're a fine flock of pigeons."

"What a long letter!"

"Yes—sixteen pages—from Lucy."

"What does she say?"

"That she will tell me the news when she sees me."



THE POUNDING

Mercilessly he pounded and thumped the quivering, inarticulate thing before him. At times he would ruthlessly strike it in a regular rhythmical frenzy and then, as if taking pity for a moment he would cease. But the intermissions were all too short, for the racked and tortured object. Had it been able to speak, it would have pleaded for a rest, but it was mute and could only endure this punishment in silence.

When it seemed that the poor bruised frame of the persecuted could endure no more, the man rolled this manuscript out of his typewriter, folded the little portable machine and put it away for the night.

He: May I call you Revenge?

She: Why?

He: Because Revenge is sweet.

She: Sure, if you'll let me call you vengeance.

He: Why?

She: Because vengeance is mine.

Is your gas tank half full?

Why, no, it's half empty.

She's the kind of a girl who tells her friends about the run in her stocking when there's not a thing she can do about it for hours.

There are two kinds of women: those who wish to marry and those who have not the slightest desire not to!

A rich man never knows the kick a poor man gets from milking his own cows.

Banker: I just found out what's the matter with the United States.

Merchant: And what's that?

Banker: We've been trying to run this country with only one vice-president.

Buy a drum and beat it.

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We most definitely were not! We were jeered at, brushed off, properly double-crossed. Lloyd George, in his own book, tells how Clemenceau stood behind President Wilson and made mocking faces while our other

Allies tried to keep from laughing. This whimsical exhibition took place while President Wilson was trying to have written into the peace treaty some of the ideals for which Americans had fought and died.

Today we are in grave danger of being lured into another European war—a war that will feed another generation of youth to the cannon, a war that will end in another oppressing peace . . . no matter which side wins.

We *should* stay out and we *can* stay out. How? By keeping a wary eye open to propaganda. By keeping our

mouths shut no matter how keenly we want one side or the other to win. By not allowing ourselves to get so involved commercially with one side or the other that we have to collect the money due us with guns. By a grim and immovable determination to stay neutral—and the realization that therein lies our hope of holding to our American democracy, liberty and civilization! Do you agree? If you do, come along with us and help us make that spirit prevail throughout the nation. For advice on what to do about it, write today to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

HEARD ON A CRACKER BOX.

First Roach: Where are you going so fast?

Second Roach: Don't you see that sign? It says "Tear along this line."

—Exchange

"What lovely antique furniture! I wonder where Mrs. Smith got that huge old chest?"

"Well, they tell me her mother was the same way."

—Augwan

First Phi Kappa Tau: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Second ditto: "I say it's her eyes."

Third same: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

Fourth: "Fellas, what's the use of sitting here lying to each other."

She: Sometimes you seem so manly and other times absurdly effeminate. Why is it?

He: Heredity. You see half my ancestors were men and the other half women.

—Columns



"Why, yes, this is Miss Platzon's private office."

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"Heah, Rastus, is that quarter I borrowed from you two years ago."

"Y'all might just as well keep yo' money. It ain't wuth two bits for me to change mah opinion o' you."

—Exchange

An old maid went to have her picture taken and the photographer noticed her tying a piece of string around the bottom of her skirt.

"What's the idea of that?" he said. "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me, young man," said the old wren, "I know you see me upside down in the camera."

—Tiger

Communist father: "What do you mean by playing truant? What makes you stay away from school?"

Son: "Class hatred, father."

—Bleitzkrieg.

One rheumatism pain to the other—
"Let's get the hell out of this joint."

We editors may dig and toil
Till our fingers are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say
"I've heard that joke before."

—Drexerd.

Wedding Guest: "This is your fourth daughter to get married, isn't it?"

MacTight: "Aye, and our confetti's gettin' awful gritty."

—Augwan



● "You refuse to wear clothes, because you're a nudist, eh? Well, well well."



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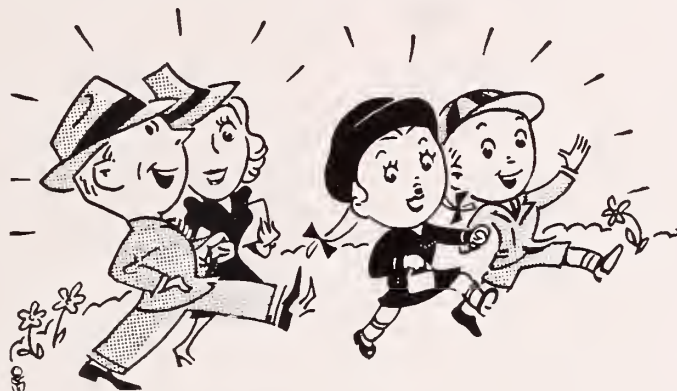
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